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An Account of what pass'd at the Execution of  
Sir JOHN FENWICK, at Tower-Hill,  
on Thursday Jan. 28. 1696.

*Taken by the Permission of the Sheriffs.*

SIR, *John Fenwick* being attainted of High-Treason, by Act of Parliament, for Conspiring to invite over a *French* Army to invade this Kingdom; His Majesty was graciously pleased to give him a considerable time to prepare for Death, and to alter the manner of his Execution usual for such Crimes, to Beheading. And the day being come appointed for his Execution, he was conveyed by a Strong Guard, both Horse and Foot, from *Newgate*, in a Mourning Coach, to *Tower-Hill*, to the Scaffold, which was hung with Black, and the Block covered with Velvet, and his Coffin ready coverd with the same: And three Ministers attended him, viz. *Dr. White* and two more.

When he came upon the Scaffold, he first saluted *Dr. White*, and the other two Ministers, and the Sheriffs: And then he kneeled down, and *Dr. White* prayed with him a short space. And then they rose up, and *Sir John Fenwick* pulled out a Paper out of his Pocket, and ask'd *Dr. White* if he should say any thing? Who replied, you need not, but only deliver your Paper.

One thing is very remarkable: *Sir John* in this extraordinary silence upon the Scaffold, as we suppose, referring his dying Sentiments to the Contents of his Papers delivered to the Sheriffs containing several Paragraphs, nevertheless ask'd the *Dr.* this Question, but receiving no Encouragement from him, he continued mute. We may observe an intire Resignation to his Spiritual Guides, whilst it seems it was not altogether in his own free choice to speak or be silent, a Liberty generally taken by all other dying Offenders, however restrained here. Then *Sir John* turned to the Sheriff, and said.

*Sir John Fenwick.* Mr. Sheriff, Here is a Paper, I desire it may be printed.

*Mr. Sheriff.* I shall acquaint the King with it, *Sir John*.

Then he called for his Man, who came to him, and pull'd off his Hat and Perriwig, and both Coats.

*Sir John's Man.* Where is the Executioner?

*Executioner.* Here I am.

*Sir John's Man.* Is it convenient to take off any more Gloaths?

*Executioner.* No, they must abide on, they belong to me.


*Mr. Sheriff.* Hold your Tongue, you shall have none of 'em, you shall be paid for 'em.

Then *Sir John Fenwick* gave the Executioner Mony; and having a white Sattin Cap put on, he kneeled down, and prayed by himself a little time, and rising up, took his Leave of *Dr. White*, and the other Ministers, and then of the Sheriffs; and desired that he might try the Block, which was readily granted.

*Executioner.* *Sir John*, I hope you forgive me.

*Sir John Fenwick.* You need not ask me Forgiveness, I freely forgive all Men. Do not strike till you hear me say, *Lord Jesus receive my Soul*; then strike. I may rise again, do not strike before that.

Then he kneeled down, and tryed the Block, and his Waistcoat being too high behind, his Man pulled it down lower. Then he kneeled down again, and tryed the Block, and said, *I lye well*. And having prayed to himself a very small time, as he lay on the Block, he said, *Lord Jesus receive my Soul*; which being the sign for the Executioner, he struck off his Head very dexterously, at one blow, and took the Head in his Hand, and held it up, saying, *Here's the Head of a Traitor*. And the King having given the Body to his Friends, after Execution, it was put into the Coffin, and conveyed away, together with the Head.

 The Papers delivered by *Sir John* to the Sheriffs will be published with all Speed by Authority.

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London, Printed for R. Bentley, in Covent-Garden, and  
A. Bosvile in Fleetstreet.